

Bold and Underlined=POV Change

Underlined=Line Break

Bold=TV Script

Italics=Thoughts

Chapter 2

Wednesday's POV

It started to rain. This puts me at ease a little bit. Oh, how I love the rain, I thought.

"At least it's turning into a beautiful day," my mother seems to agree with my internal thoughts. We pulled up past the gates to Nevermore academy. I already hate it. I stare at it in disdain.

~Line Break~

"Wednesday is certainly a unique name," the principle, Larissa Weems said to me, "I'm guessing it was the day you were born?"

"I was born on Friday the 13th," I corrected her.

"Her name comes from a line from my favorite nursery rhyme," my mother informed, "Wednesday's child is full of woe."

"You always had a unique perspective on the world, Morticia," Weems told my mother with a playful tone. Though I did hear a little resentment. Wonder what happened between them, I thought.

"Hmm," my mother hummed in agreement.

"Did your mother tell you we were roommates back in the day," Weems asked me.

"And you graduated with your sanity intact," I asked, "impressive."

"You've certainly had a very interesting educational journey," Weems told me, looking through my file, "eight schools in five years."

"They haven't built one strong enough to hold me," I informed her, "I bet this place won't be any different."

"What our daughter is trying to say, is that she greatly appreciates the opportunity," my father tries to say. I really want to roll my eyes at his attempts to get me to stop.

"Nevermore doesn't usually accept students mid-term, but given Wednesday's perfect grades," Weems said, still looking through the files, "and your family's history with the school, I've spoken with the board and we've made an exception."

I didn't really like how she was able to make me an exception, as I really didn't want to attend this godforsaken school. I can already feel myself getting irritated by this school.

"Larissa, what about Wednesday's, um, therapy sessions," my mother asked in concern, "the court ordered them."

"Hmm. The school has a relationship with a therapist in Jericho," Weems replied, "she can meet twice a week, with another student, Y/N Y/L/N."

Great, not only do I have to go to therapy made by the court, but have to go with another student.

"Did you hear that, my little storm cloud," my father said, looking at me, "you're in excellent hands."

"We'll see if she survives the first session," I said, looking at him.

"I've assigned you to your mother's old dorm," Weems said looking at me, "Ophelia Hall."

My mother then gasps in enjoyment, and then chuckles.

"Refresh my memory," I said, looking at my mother, "Ophelia's the one who kills herself after being driven mad by her family, correct?"

My mother nodded her head, looking at me with joy. Ew, I thought seeing the emotions in her eyes.

"Should we go meet you new roommate," Weems said standing up. We all stood up and followed her to Ophelia hall, which took a while. Though, at one point I smelt a scent that resembles my typewriter ink. I wanted to follow it, but resisted. I have self-control, I thought to myself, still walking with my family and Weems. We finally made it to my new dorm room. My mother gasped at the bright colors when we went into the room. Great my roommate is colorful, I thought with disdain.